[fic] 'Shut up and let me help.'

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Title: 'Shut up and let me help.'
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut! Angelcest!
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Castiel.
Word Count: 1,241 words.
Summary: Some cultists capture Castiel and try to sacrifice him to the Norse God Loki but. uh. Bad Idea considering who Loki is.

Note: Written for **morganoconner**'s Five Acts memepost. More plot than porn, but that's how I am. >.> Also it's an AU set vaguely after 5x08 but before 5x19, so. Yeah.

(You know, I might have listened to you guys, might have even granted a boon or two. But you idiots went and caught the one angel down here that I still like.)

"You know, I might have listened to you guys, might have even granted a boon or two." Gabriel said, tone light but no longer amused. "But you idiots went and caught the one angel down here that I still like."

A snap of his fingers later the cultists were smears of blood and bone on the grass and Gabriel was dismantling the altar, undoing the chains binding Castiel carefully. *Very* carefully, as he could read the sigils on the metal that told him exactly how they'd kept Castiel from pulling the links apart like tissue paper.

"And I still *like* getting sacrifices," Gabriel muttered, pulling Castiel free of the altar. His clothes were wrecked, he was bloody in too many places, but Gabriel had to hide the relief he felt when he got confirmation that Castiel was still alive.

Castiel coughed weakly as Gabriel snapped his fingers under his nose, healing more than surface wounds with the gesture and cleaning off the blood and dirt with it. He held Castiel close and tipped him so he could lean on him while Castiel got back thought and strength enough to stand.

"Ga - " Castiel coughed again and Gabriel put a finger to his lips.

"Ssh. They did a number to you, bro. Don't go and undo the work I'm putting into healing you, got it?"

Castiel nodded slightly and quieted, but he looked at Gabriel, watching him. He had questions, Gabriel was sure, but that wasn't up for discussion right now.

Not when Gabriel had Castiel close enough to examine, and most certainly not when Gabriel was able to see the extent of the damage Castiel's Grace had suffered - there was more damage here than there should be, as there was no way those cultists would have been able to affect it like this.

Gabriel sighed to himself even as he touched fingers to Castiel's forehead, as he couldn't just leave Castiel this injured, but to help even a little bit meant that he was getting involved, and he'd been trying to avoid that. It was too late now, though - Gabriel wouldn't be able to live with himself if he dropped Castiel now and left like he wanted to. (And he had more than enough trouble living with himself already.)

Castiel spoke the moment he felt the touch of Gabriel's Grace. "Gabriel, what are you doing?"

"Shut up and let me help," Gabriel said, snapping his fingers again, sending them elsewhere. This was going to take time and he wasn't going to do it before an altar dedicated (with blood no less) to him.

Gabriel laid Castiel out on the overly large bed - his hideouts were exactly as luxurious as he wanted them to be - and sat next to him, his fingers still on Castiel's forehead.

"Last chance to turn me down, Castiel," Gabriel said with a smirk to cover honest worry.

When Castiel said nothing, a confused sort of gratitude in his eyes, Gabriel closed his own eyes for a moment, gathering himself, and when he opened them again he shone gold as his own Grace poured from his fingers and into Castiel, healing the open wounds that crisscrossed Castiel's being. Long jagged scars that no human eyes could see were burned away as Castiel was remade whole.

"Stop," Castiel whispered hours later when Gabriel began to pull back, his work done.

"You're healed and free to go, Castiel," Gabriel said softly as he pulled his hand away from Castiel's forehead. He hid his own reluctance to pull away, understanding completely why Castiel wanted him to stay put - it had been far, far too long since he had last touched any angel in that fashion, and he knew already that he would need a lot of chocolate before he would be able to begin the long process of burying the cravings for sharing Grace like that again.

To his great relief Castiel didn't make any motion to stop him from standing up, and instead stood as well.

"Thank you," Castiel said simply, and, "if it is possible I will someday return the favor."

Then there was only the sound of wings to mark his leaving.

Gabriel eyed the chocolate bar, chin on the table, inches from the best coping mechanism he'd ever found. Instant distraction from all problems at hand wrapped up in a brief explosion on borrowed tastebuds.

"Castiel," Gabriel told the chocolate bar, "I am going to kill you."

He wasn't serious, of course, but there was the thought all because Castiel had said that he would return the favor and all Gabriel could think of was the simple joys of feeling another angel so intimately before.

Gabriel stared at the chocolate bar again and wished that it would be enough to remove all of his cravings and all of the aches that came when he thought about or got close to or anything regarding his family.

The chocolate bar sat on the table and did nothing.

After a moment he ate the damned thing, annoyed with himself. After another moment he closed his eyes and opened up his senses, looking for the traces of himself he had left on Castiel while healing him.

Maybe he'd drop in, see what Castiel was doing with himself.

Several hours later, when Gabriel was cock-deep in Castiel and covering Castiel's wings with his own, Gabriel had to conclude that dropping in on Castiel had been one of the best ideas he'd had in a long time.

Castiel was whining deep in his throat, shaking helplessly as Gabriel wrapped his arms around his chest and pulled him closer, tipped his own hips so that Castiel felt Gabriel sunk just a tiny bit deeper into him.

"Ah - Gabriel, please - " Gabriel slid a hand up from Castiel's chest to his mouth, poking at his lips -

"Too much talking," Gabriel chided, before laughing breathlessly as Castiel licked his fingers.

Gabriel lit up the room as he poured Grace out in his wings, wreathing them with a bright fire that did not burn Castiel as they touched wing to wing. This was more than physical, even as Gabriel thrust forward and pushed Castiel into the bed, and this wasn't quite the full sharing of Grace that they would have if they

abandoned flesh entirely, but Gabriel wasn't looking for that.

He was looking for contact, and when Castiel manifested his own Grace as he clutched at Gabriel's hand, body trembling with the strain, Gabriel had what he wanted.

He pulled his hand back from Castiel's mouth and laid it on his wings, shuddering at the heat and the pleasure, coming with a soft cry into Castiel. He slumped forward, pressing closer to Castiel, and felt Castiel spill on the bed below them, overwhelmed.

Castiel panted softly, wings spreading as much as they could, arching up into Gabriel, and when he said Gabriel's name again, voice quiet, tone reverent -

Gabriel clung tight to Castiel, burying his face into Castiel's wings and manifest Grace and if he cried, it was because he was as close to home as he had been in so long, and Castiel said nothing of it.

They moved, later, and Gabriel spent the night using Castiel's chest as a pillow, neither one of them sleeping nor speaking, instead simply staying together, putting aside painful histories and present dangers for the night.